CAMPBELL, THE ORCHARD CITY
OF THE
FAMOUS SANTA CLARA VALLEY

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Pertinent Paragraphs

The new year is descending upon us in all its glory, and from the general outlook at the present time we believe we are safe in saying that 1929 is going to be a big year all around. To date we have had plenty of rain nicely distributed. The weather has been a bit nippy of mornings but otherwise perfect and we haven't had an earthquake for some time. Rather fast, that last one, eh?

There is just one thing about this new year proposition that burns us up, and that is the idea of resolutions. Everybody—ourselves included—believes that to make a success of the ensuing year they must first make a flock of silly resolutions which they have no intention of keeping anyway. Think of the brainpower and willpower wasted the first week or two of every year when a great number of morons earnestly endeavor to keep resolutions made in a moment of especial weakness. This year, however, the writer is passing up the opportunity to make an ass of himself as presented by January 1, and we hope this message reaches just lots of people in time to prevent a wholesale making of resolutions. Just think—the mental energy wasted every year on resolutions would without a shadow of doubt be sufficient to plot a permanent world peace, a great war or a satisfactory solution to the liquor problem. The possibilities are tremendous—and all we require is a master mind to organize and direct the energy just conjured into being through the fantasy of our fevered brain.

We note with a good deal of satisfaction that San Jose has at last installed automatic policemen (stop and go lights) at the interesection of her principal thoroughfares. A great improvement over a uniformed and grouchy John Law. Motorists rapidly got wise to the signals but to say that pedestrians were equally sudden in surrounding the situation would be to grossly exaggerate the truth. You have doubtless witnessed the confusion of a hen who sees a brood of what she fondly believed to be her offspring, suddenly take to the water? Well, that's about the situation in regard to the stop and go lights. Seeking to cross the street many people will keep their eye on the signal to their left, or cat-a-corner, and when it shows green they barge serenely out in the face of a red light straight ahead and naturally into the path of right-of-way traffic. Soon San Jose, like Minneapolis, will be dotted here and there with neat little enameled signs bearing messages something like this: "One killed here;" "Three killed here," etc. And, as in Minneapolis—and other cities—the majority of fatalities may be directly traced to the victim's failure to observe the traffic changes as directed by the automatic semaphores.

As a local business man remarked Wednesday morning, "we've got to get down to earth again," referring, of course, to the close of Christmas' folly. He is right; we could hardly go on indefinitely under Christmas pressure. On the other hand, let us not get too close to the good old earth. You know what we mean; let's not get our noses too close to the grindstone. Let's stop for a breath of air and a bit of leisure occasionally. The world will be just as well off and so will we. Let's do our share towards alleviating the two greatest curses of America—which are that we are constantly in a terrific hurry and that we take ourselves altogether too seriously. There will be lots of people left to carry on the grind after we're pushing up the daisies.

That's all.

Cuba Rushes Work on $75,000,000 Highway

Laborers working on the construction of the Cuban Central highway, which will extend the length of the island from Pinal del Rio through Havana and Matanzas to Santiago de Cuba. There will be no grade crossings and no speed limit. This great highway, which will cost $75,000,000, will be completed in 1930. The work is being done by American contractors.

Kiwanians Stage Dinner And Tree For Kids Monday

Abouth thirty children dined Monday noon at the community hall as guests of the Kiwanis club. A beautiful Christmas tree was tastily decorated at one end of the hall and a quantity of presents were spread at the base. After the dinner was served and the presents distributed, baskets of candy were passed about that the children might get the finishing touch to the celebration.

The Rev. Howard McConnell of San Jose gave a very interesting talk on Christmas in a manner enjoyed by the kiddies.

The affair proved to be a success all around, the men enjoying themselves fully as much as did the youngsters.

The club will hold its next luncheon Monday with Horace Gruwell on the throne. Following the installation of officers the members will give their resolutions and a suitable conundrum.

READ THE PRESS IN 1929!

Christmas Dinner A la Carte For W. T. Alexanders

Mrs. Nettie Carpenter, Mrs. MollieHollowell, Mrs. Meyer and Miss Grace Meyer of San Francisco drove down Christmas morning to spend the day with Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Alexander.

They brought a complete dinner with them, even to dainty table decorations, including a tiny tree, favors and place cards bearing little red tapers.

Out-of-town guests at the H. C. Smith home for Christmas dinner were C. M. Smith of Twin Lakes, James F. Knappen of Marysville and Mr. and Mrs. S. Major King of Long Beach. Mrs. King was Miss Wilma Smith. H. P. Knappen, at present sojourning in the Valley, was also present.

Yuletide Party Held By Moreland Club

The Moreland Goodwill club enjoyed a real Christmas party at its regular meeting Dec. 19, which was held in the club house.

Only a few members were absent.

After the business hour Miss Sutter of Saratoga read a delightful Christmas story by Ruth Comfort Mitchell.

The table was spread in true Christmas style with evergreen decorations and at each plate was a tiny cake bearing a little red candle, a bon bon and a bag of candies.

A small redwood tree had been arranged for Santa Claus, with a little remembrance for each member, and after justice had been done to the "eats," numbers on the gifts were called and the one having the corresponding number at her plate received the gift.

The next meeting will be Jan. 9, 1929, with Mrs. Frank Zettle, 1745 Lexington street, Santa Clara.

Mr. and Mrs. L. S. Miller spent Christmas with the George Miller family at Sacramento.

Miss Evelyn Voge, who is teaching in Shasta county, is home for the holidays.

Valley Landmark Destroyed By Fire Sunday Morning

Friends and neighbors Sunday morning assisted members of the Floyd Bohnett family to remove their belongings from their home on Los Gatos road while a large crowd witnessed from the road the conflagration which completely destroyed the old "Uncle Joe" Bohnett house, a Valley landmark for the past four decades.

The family was out in the yard when Mrs. Bohnett, glancing upward, discovered the fire bursting from a rear attic window. Telephone calls summoned sufficient aid to remove all furnishings, including the telephone, but the fire had gained too great a headway to be put out. A bucket brigade was instrumental in saving outbuildings.

The house was built 41 years ago by Joseph Bohnett, who with the late Mrs. Bohnett, raised a large family of children there. The structure was very well preserved, having been built for the most part of selected hard woods.

It is not known whether the house will be replaced or not.

The Floyd Bohnett family spent Christmas with Mrs. Bohnett's parents on the old McGinnis ranch on Los Gatos road.

High Unlimiteds Trim St. Joseph; 130 Pounders Lose

Last Friday night Campbell basketball fans saw two very fast games on the local high school court.

Campbell's 130 pound team lost a fast game to the big boys of St. Joseph high by a score of 17 to 21. The local quint would have had a good chance for a win if their tossing had been a bit more accurate. Bendetti and Rose led St. Joseph's, scoring eight points each, while L. Lea of Campbell led the game with 11 tallies.

St. Joseph was completely outclassed in the unlimited game. The Campbell lads held them to two points while they piled up 11 counts during the first half. The game closed with Campbell 19 and St. Joseph 10. Martin Shadle was high point man with 9 tallies.

Miss Mary Fablinger and Mrs. Frances Swane had as their guests Christmas Mr. and Mrs. P. Rorke of Burlingame and their brother, James Fablinger. Jim, who is in the United States forest service in Tehema county, expects to be in Campbell until after New Years.

Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Cutting and sons spent the holiday with Mrs. Cuttings brother, Dr. John Cooper and Mrs. Cooper of Hanford.

Mrs. O. A. Putnam and Mr. and Mrs .R. W. Sanders went to San Francisco Tuesday where they joined Mr. Putnam at the Hotel Stewart for Chritsmas dinner.

Local Restauranteur Sets 'Em Up For 500 Kids Christmas Eve

Christmas eve and Christmas day were busy times for Harry White, proprietor of the Busy Bee restaurant. Christmas eve Harry played Santa Claus to about five hundred youngsters of the Campbell community. None went away empty-handed, although several times during the distribution of gifts it looked as though Santa would be forced to call in reserves. The kids behaved themselves rather nicely and though he had to work pretty hard to see that all the boys and girls were served, Harry said he wouldn't have missed it for anything. Considerable favorable comment was heard regarding the free treat. The tree itself was real artist in the display game. a masterpiece—the work of a real artist in the display game.

Sunday Mr. and Mrs. White and the "Kid" kept busy at three dinners, one of which was served to a Kennedy reunion party at the community hall at which approximately forty people were present. Another took place at the IOOF hall at which were present 20 members of the Steindorf clan and a third took place in the same hall wherein 26 members of the Hyde-Husted families gathered for Christmas dinner. It is reported that Harry put it on in great style for all the folks. In addition to the aforementioned catering jobs about one hundred dinners were prepared in the Busy Bee kitchen for various people about town to take home. Harry says he was pretty nearly cleaned out when the San Jose Elks blew in and took him for a sack of spuds, six pies and two cakes for less fortunate Valley folks, so he had to go to bed hungry.

I. O. O. F. Conduct Funeral Services For Jas. Edwards

Morning Light Lodge No. 42, I. O. O. F., conducted funeral services Saturday afternoon from the Place funeral parlors in Los Gatos for James Edwards, one of their members who passed away near San Jose Dec. 20.

Mr. Edwards was a native of England and but 34 years of age. For several years he made his home in Campbell, being at one time in the employ of E. C. Merrill, and later janitor of the high school annex.

Mr. and Mrs. E. X. Clendenning had as their guest Christmas their son, Lloyd, an attorney of Santa Monica

Miss Ellen Wakeman of Los Angeles is visiting her mother, Mrs. Lucy Wakeman.

The Rev. and Mrs. W. C. Robins of the Campbell Methodist church spent the holiday with their daughter and family in Oakland.

William Bachman is recovering from a recent flu attack

The Girl Who Came Back

By Jack Woodford

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"It was nothing—no trouble at all. You took it all a little too seriously, anyway—that is, the death of that chap. You couldn't help that, and there is no reason why you should condemn yourself for it. Of course, the thing which led up to it cannot be so lightly disposed of—still, it would be foolish to condemn yourself for that. It was a lesson, a rather hard and advanced one, to be sure, and one that is to be regretted, and yet, there is only one thing to do—put it behind you, forget about it, and be different in the future."

"Believe me, I shall," asserted Lolita confidently, "have, already. That is one of the things which I wanted to see you about. You see, I can't allow you to go on paying my expenses. I owe you enough as it is, and I want to pay you back just as soon as possible. In the meantime, though I hope you won't think that I'm ungrateful, I am going to ask you not to, er—look after me any more."

"If," began Gray Eyes slowly, "you got into another bad scrape, who would you turn to to get you out of it?"

Lolita thought a long time; she had not expected a question like this.

"But I do not intend to get into any more scrapes. It was the first one I ever got into in my life, and I am sure that it was the last one." He shot his next remark at her like a bullet.

"Yet you let a good-for-nothing sheik pick you up the other night and bring you out here, nearly getting you into a second scrape as bad as the first one." Lolita hung her head. She had nothing to reply to this. He went on in a soothing tone.

"Never mind. I know what prompted you to do that. I don't at all agree that you should so have given in to life as to want to throw yourself away because of a petty discouragment; still, I have done so many fool things in my own lifetime, I can hardly condemn anyone else for being foolish." He was silent for a long time, eyeing her speculatively. His next remark a little disconcerted Lolie.

"You are very pretty. I sometimes have occasion to hire beautiful women to sing or dance—in various places. I may not be a competent judge of feminine beauty; still, I know the type of woman that appeals to most men. You are particularly appealing, and you are deliciously young. It is unfortunate that nature does not equip girls as beautiful as yourself with character equivalent to their beauty, but you are going to develop strength of character—and I am going to help you."

"Why are you so interested in me?"

He did not at once reply, but sat moodily thinking; his eyes held a far-away look as he gazed out of the window, deliberately avoiding her gaze. To her amazement, instead of replying to her question, he suddenly turned upon her, shifting the subject completely.

"Do you happen to know that Mr. Warrill is practically engaged to marry a Miss Pringle?"

Lolita felt something within herself give way. Almost before she knew it the tears were rolling down her cheeks. Somehow the quiet, firm way in which he had said it was convincing—she felt that it was true beyond a doubt. He rose from his chair, picked her up bodily and reseated himself, holding her in his lap. Some instinct within her banished all thoughts of anything but the need for a comforter. She buried her face on his shoulder and cried so that it shook her whole body. His hand patted her shoulder, and he bent over and kissed her upon the temple. For one moment the terrified thought came to her that he, too, was attempting to make love to her; yet, also, some other deeper feeling told her with decidedly more conviction that he was not intent upon anything of the kind. Presently she struggled to her feet, walked over to the window, looked out, seeing nothing of the scene without, seeing only the devastating scene within her own consciousness. She bit her lip and swung about to find Gray Eyes just behind her, watching her curiously.

"I don't care," she told him firmly, hands clenched. "Even if what you say about Mr. Warrill is true, I don't care. I'm not going to let it break my heart or ruin my life. I do love him, and I probably always shall, and if he is indeed interested in Miss Pringle and has been all of the time that he has been making love to me it is the most awful thing that has happened to me yet, but somehow I know I'll bear it. I'm not going to let every little thing in life knock me over without half a struggle any more. I'm going to study and be somebody, and not be like most women—dependent upon the whim of some man for my happiness." He stepped closer to her, took her shoulders in a firm grasp, looked deeply into her eyes; Lolita felt as though he were looking into her very soul, and somehow she was almost proud of what he might find there. It was the first time in her life that she had ever felt that way, half of her was in chaos at the thought of Warrill's defection, but another half of her was singing a brave little song that was particularly sweet and new. Evidently, whatever Gray Eyes saw deep in her eyes satisfied him intensely. He let go of her shoulders and held out his right hand. Involuntarily she put forth her own. He gave her hand an almost cruel wringing shake, and, without another word, turned to the table, picked up his hat, opened the door and was gone. Surprised, Lolita went over to the door to open it and follow him, remembering that he had answered none of the questions she had come to ask; but the door was locked. A little dismayed at this, she stood thinking for a moment. Almost immediately the door was open, and the man who had led her through the underground passageway stood in it.

"Come on," he said gruffly.

Automatically Lolita followed him down through the house, out the front door, and to a touring car which stood in the graveled roadway at the side of the house. He opened the door of the car and stood respectfully while she entered, whereupon he mounted to the driver's seat and started at a dizzying speed toward town. In an incredibly short space of time Lolita found herself back before the building where she roomed. Without a word the driver opened the car door for her, and she dismounted. He climbed back into the driver's seat, jerked the car around in the street, and set off back toward the direction from which he had come.

Entering the house, Lolita went directly to her room, her mind a turmoil of conflicting emotions. Half of her was despondent, the other half was still singing that new, strange little song. Vaguely the sense of it all came to her. The brave little song within was undoubtedly the beginning of definite character. Her very ears seemed to ring with new capacity to hear, and she seemed to see the whole of life in a new light. Full to the brim of this new something she sat down before her typewriter. The man who had driven her home, Gray Eyes, the dark, gloomy day, her own strange, buoyant, brave feeling—all of it began to weld together around the outline of a plot. Presently she was pounding ambitiously upon the typewriter. Page after page practically wrote itself as an excellent story plot unfolded, filled with very real characterizations, compounded of the people with whom she had come in contact that day. It had grown dark outside by the time she had filled the last sheet of paper, which contained the end of the story.

Rising, a little weary, mentally pushing away the gloom which descended upon her immediately she had finished the story, she decided to go to a restaurant and get something to eat. As she approached the brilliantly lighted district, the very electric lights seemed to dance with a new intensity; she was still obsessed by the dual feeling of sadness and brave gayety, the strangest feeling that she had ever experienced in her entire lifetime—the feeling that she had worked into every line of the story.

She continued on half a block or so until she reached the pleasant little waffle shop where she often dropped in for supper. As she took her seat and gave her o... a sudden wave of lonesomeness swept over her, but she managed to detach herself from it completely and view it almost objectively, as though it were some one else who was feeling lonesome.

When she left the restaurant she started back the way that she had come; and, when she had nearly reached her home a huge sign several blocks south beckoned enticingly toward one of the largest dance halls in Chicago. For just a moment lonesomeness again tugged at her. One could go to the big dance hall and almost instantly lonesomeness would be dissolved in companionship. Firmly she continued on toward her room. When she reached it and opened the door, she was surprised to find the light on.

Entering she came face to face with Mr. Warrill, who stood in the middle of the floor, in a waiting attitude.

"I took the liberty of reading your story, and indicating a few changes on the border of the manuscript that will help you to sell it. It's by far the best thing you've done yet—you have real power. You will some day be a great writer I think." She listened to his words with mixed emotions and finally said:

"Don't you think it is rather informal of you to come here and enter my room like this?" He grinned in a way that shook her firm resolutions to their foundations and replied boyishly:

"Yes, I do."

(Continued Next Week)

Writer's Fine Tribute to Forest Patriarch

I watched some time ago the cutting down of an oak. It was a huge tree, an old patriarch among the trees in the neighborhood, the kind and size of a tree that is regarded with a sort of attachment by friends and strangers. In the lives of those along the road it was a landmark.

It wore its rusty robes with an air of majesty. It possessed a distinguished appearance on account of age, and to look at it was to be aware of something ancient. The Indian stepped with moccasin feet the paths when it was in infancy, and its last years saw the automobile, airplane, the magic things of a modern world.

It went through much in the lease of life; it weathered everything, as an oak should do; but it had to surrender before the assault of a very small but numerous enemy—the leopard moth. It fought as a giant fights—bravely. It lost courageously and gamely, as a man loses when overwhelmed with superior numbers. It battled to the end.

It seems a ruthless act to cut down a tree. It is the taking of life itself. Such a tree enters the very lives of those who dwell in its shadows, and it is a part of their histories. And the more we know of such trees the more are we convinced they have a soul, a personality.—Edwin C. Hobson, in the Boston Globe.

Skunk Harmless if He Is Treated Right

Periodical reports are regularly and frequently printed in the papers at this time of year of skunks appearing and stampeding citizens, policemen and other officials as if they were the German army and yellow fever combined instead of being as friendly and harmless as an ordinary cat.

One was found in a schoolhouse and instead of being allowed to depart in peace a posse was raised and the "critter" shot and school dismissed for the day. The interesting feature is that the skunk always has to be killed and trouble started; in the country the incident attracts little attention and the skunk is not molested, but city people seem to take an aggressive course.

A skunk is usually able to depart the way he entered and if not imposed upon will seldom start anything. If met on the sidewalk, porch or in the woodshed as a social equal, he will be as friendly as you are.—Canaan Reporter.

Expensive Hats

The most costly hat whereof record can be found was not a woman's hat, but one presented to General Grant while he was in Mexico. Fifteen hundred dollars in gold was paid for it. It is to be seen in the National museum at Washington. Besides being so expensive, it is said to be the finest specimen of a Mexican sombrero ever made.

Perhaps the next most expensive hat was that which was presented to William H. Seward when he was secretary of state in President Lincoln's cabinet. It was the kind known as panama, and his South American admirers who sent it to him paid a thousands dollars for it.

His Recovery

"At one point in my career I was given up by seven doctors to die," stated Uncle Feebles. "The three local physicians gave me up, and then four doctors from farther away gave me up in rotation, each from his favorite incurable disease. Later they all gathered around in solemn conclave and gave me up in unison from seven different maladies for which the medical profession knows no cure. Soon after, because they were letting me alone, I got well on my own hook."—Kansas City Times.

Education's Object

The business of education is not to make miners or railway men, clerks or shopmen, managers or directors, parsons or lawyers, civil servants or politicians. It is not to make loyal adherents to trade unions or churches, political parties or nations. Primarily it is to make men, and after that, because no man can fulfill his mankind unless he has his own work to do, to equip those men for whatever task their special abilities and circumstances bring upon them.—Exchange

Embarrassing Moment

The Christmas list had been made in the presence of George, the observing five-year old. A few days later a neighbor called on the family. Christmas giving was the topic of conversation and the neighbor said to George:

"Whisper in my ear what to get mother."

"You're not on the Christmas list, and mother's not going to start trading gifts with anybody else," replied the tactless son.

"Bunyip" Frightens Many

That the mysterious "bunyip" is again being heard at night in the Wingecarribee swamp, is declared by people of the Burrawang district of Australia. The cry, which is unlike that of any domestic animal, is said to have been heard in the center of the swamp. Although the "bunyip" with its weird noise has been a tradition of the Wingecarribee swamp for more than 50 years, there is no authentic record of any one having seen it.

Differ as to Meaning of Name "Guatemala"

The country of Guatemala, which has a population of about 3,000,000, is one of the Central American republics with an area of 48,290 square miles. Except in the marshy forests near the northeast coast, the country is mountainous. Some of the mountains attain an elevation of 11,500 feet.

The most important cultivated products are coffee, sugar, tobacco, cacao, bananas and indigo. Much rubber also is obtained.

The name of the country is believed of Aztec origin and is said by some authorities to mean "Land of the Eagle," or "Land of the Forest." Other experts say it should be interpreted as meaning "mountain vomiting water."

Guatemala City, the capital of the republic, with an estimated population of about 200,000, is situated in a rich and spacious plain.

The country was conquered by the Spaniards in 1522.

Italian's Origin Shown by Method of Eating

The way of eating Parmesan cheese tells the place of origin of an Italian, according to a generally accepted theory. Not only that, but it indicates also his broadmindedness or stinginess in money matters, it is claimed.

If a person pares the covering of his cheese without regard to losing a little of the cheese itself, as a wasteful cook might peel potatoes in New England, that person comes from Rome, one who cares little for money.

However, if the person scrapes the cheese carefully, so as not to waste any of the inside portion, he is a Florentine, careful but not prodigal.

But if the person takes up his cheese in his fingers and merely blows whatever will blow from the outside of the cheese, then he comes from Genoa, never wasting a centisimi, according to the proverb.

Nativity of Corn

Corn, generally believed to have originated in South America, has been found growing in China; but the Chinese corn is of a unique species and it is not a native of the Chinese region in which it was discovered. Researches show that it must have been brought to China long before the voyage of Columbus, for it could not have acquired its distinctive character in the comparatively short time that has elapsed since that period.

Chinese corn is a dwarf plant and its starch is quite different from that of American corn. The leaves grow on either side of the stalk so as to protect it from the hot, dry winds of the desert. They form a sort of horn for the accumulation of pollen.

Chinese corn is excellent for planting in hot countries where common corn does not flourish.

Steamship Screws

A phenomenon known as "cavitation" is recognized as one of the most important causes of loss of efficiency in the driving screws of steamships. When the velocity of the screw is increased above a certain limit a cavity is formed in the water inside which the screw revolves and a further increase in power then causes no increase in the ship's speed. Mathematical investigation, tested by practical experiments, has shown that cavitation can be avoided by preserving a certain ratio between the resistance and the propelling surface concerned. Upon this principle the speed of some ships has been greatly increased by simply changing their driving screws.

Gave It Away

Press agents do not always train their clients wisely. There is, for instance, the now sorry lady who showed the interviewer a pair of silver candlesticks. "They were given to my great-great-grandmother by King —— of Germany," she explained. "They are very old and valuable, all hand-carved, and have been preserved by my family through generations."

So the interviewer handled one tenderly, and just naturally turned to the mark beneath which would testify to their ancient ancestry. . . . "Sheffield Plate, Birmingham, England, 1902," was the precious inscription.—Los Angeles Times.

Crack Shot

A man brought home three turkeys from a shooting match. His neighbor and four-year-old were congratulating him on his success. The father told his neighbor he was a crack shot. The turkeys were being discussed at dinner and the four-year-old informed the family that "he shot 'em with firecrackers and never burnt 'em one tiny bit."

Every Boy Needs a Dog

Every boy should grow up with a dog, for the association thereby will make of the boy a fairer, kinder, truer man, some day, when he becomes a man. He will learn to love fairness, justice and mercy, just as he will come to hate meanness, cruelty and cowardice, through daily contact with his big-eyed, shaggy-coated, understanding friend. If the boy unhappily is vicious, intemperate, or destructive, he will find in his voiceless associate a wordless rebuke for the sins of his commission. It is the inevitable way of a dog with a boy, and the dog knows, moreover, because through him the infinite forces of the universe are functioning as freely as the wind through winter trees.—David Arnold Balch in the New Age Illustrated.

Gifts of Lasting Value

WHY not give savings accounts this Christmas... the gift that grows in value throughout the years. Gift accounts can be opened for any amount... attractively prepared, too, in holiday envelopes together with a neat greeting card. ¶ High-grade bonds are always desirable gifts... and steady revenue producers. ¶ Living Trusts... for the protection of your loved ones. ¶ Checking accounts... safe deposit boxes... cashier's checks.

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Let Us Serve You

Throughout the year 1929 you will from time to time find yourself in need of hardware, tools, electrical appliances, plumbing, etc. When these occasions arise, we earnestly urge that you give us first chance to fill your wants. We feel sure that our goods and service will please you.

We want to wish all of our friends and customers a happy and prosperous New Year and to thank you all for your past patronage.

WHITMAN'S HARDWARE and PLUMBING HOUSE

Yes, we bake cakes every day. You are thus assured of fresh pastry for every day and special occasions. If you want a cake for some extra special occasion you will find us ready and willing to make one to order. Wedding cakes a specialty.

The new year will be much happier if you let us do your baking for you. We invite inspection.

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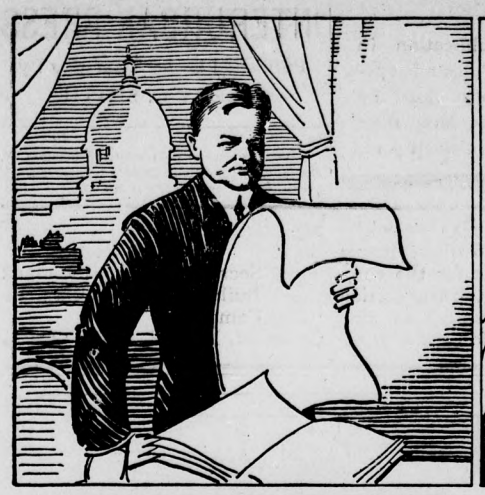
PICTORIAL LIFE OF HERBERT HOOVER

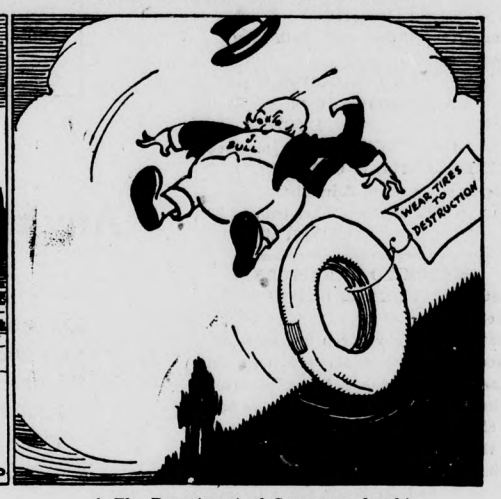
No. 16 By Satterfield



1. As Secretary of Commerce, Hoover brought about a complete reorganization of that Department.

2. In 1921 he handled a threatening unemployment situation with great success.

3. An ardent fisherman, he enjoyed directing the Bureau of Fisheries, a branch of his department.



4. The Department of Commerce fought the British rubber monopoly to a finish.

Wright Expedition Among Pigmies of Borneo

Members of the Wright expedition, led by Eugene Wright, twenty-four, of Rutherford, N. J., nearly 700 miles up the Barito river in Borneo, where the party visited head-hunting Dyak pigmies, a tribe rarely encountered — white men.

Town Tales Tersely Told

Christmas guests of Miss Sadie Maxon and Mrs. Mary Lanphear were Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Maxon of Myrtle Creek, Ore., and the Walter Stanford family of Cortland.

Mr. and Mrs. Warren McKenzie of Richmond spent Tuesday with Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Campbell.

MissEmma Miller is visiting relatives in San Francisco.

Mrs. Blanche Jenkins visited this week with relatives in the City.

Mrs. Hattie Baugh left Saturday morning for Culver City where she is visiting her daughter and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Walter W. Wells.

Miss Cora Mitchell of Los Angeles is visiting at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Mitchell of Everett street.

The R. C. Stubbe family is moving into its new home on Winchester road at Hamilton avenue this week.

Mrs. Edith Turner, who so successfully satisfies the inner man for the Kiwanis club is still confined to her home, recovering from an attack of flu. Mrs. R. Y. Maxon and Mrs. F. H. Cutting prepared the Christmas dinner Monday for club members and their juvenile guests.

Miss Evelyn Voge, who teaches at Glenburn, Shasta county, is home for the holiday vacation.

Newton Finley, Campbell's oldest settler, is improving from a recent illness.

Mrs. Lewis Field (nee Irene Preston) who has been here this week, will return to her home at Vista Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. G. T. Pratt and Mr. and Mrs. George Post and two children, all of Berkeley, were guests at the A. W. Johnson home for Christmas festivities.

The C. H. Antrim family of Fresno and the Ben Rodeck family of Gilroy were Christmas visitors with Mrs. Lena and Miss Mary Rodeck.

Mr. and Mrs. Jimmie Preston and infant son celebrated Christmas at the C. E. DeSelle home with the "grandparents."

James Knappen, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. S. Major King, left this morning by auto for Los Angeles and Long Beach, the latter city being the home of the Kings. Mr. Knappen will spend New Years in Los Angeles and return shortly to Marysville where he is teaching.

The friends of Mrs. Meda Waite, former postmistress of Campbell, will regret to hear that she is suffering from an eye disease which has practically destroyed the sight of one eye and is seriously affecting the other. Her son, Paul Clark, has had a recurrence of his old trouble with his leg and is confined to the house and may be forced to go to a hospital for treatment.

Irving D. Hubbell, who is with a cement company at Mokalumne Hill spent Christmas with his mother, Mrs. Effie Hubbell, and aunt, Miss A. E. Denton.

Miss Kittie Johnson of the high school faculty left Friday evening for San Diego to spend the Christmas holidays with her brother and family.

We are glad to report that both William Coupland and Miss Grace are recovering nicely from the flu, although Miss Coupland is still confined to her bed.

Mrs. R. W. Smith and Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Hancock of San Francisco and W. H. Rubell and E. Hancock of San Jose were guests of Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Rubell of 45 North First street Christmas day. Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Hancock are daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Rubell.

Miss Alice Strom, who teaches in New Monterey arrived last week for the holidays after attending teachers' institute at San Luis Obispo.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Jamison and small daughter of Oakland spent the holiday week-end with Mrs Jamison's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Blaine of Campbell.

The Rebekah Christmas tree program at the IOOF hall last Thursday evening provided entertainment for 80 children, all of whom apparently had a good time.

Want Ads

Carpenter work by day or contract. G. Newcomb, phone Campbell 4-R. Ind

Wanted—Dressmaking. First class work; rates reasonable. Mrs. Hazel Baum, 23 Page St. or call Campbell 178-J. Ind

For Sale—Breakfast set, gas stove, 9x12 rug. Inquire at Press office.

For Sale—Two disc Knapp plow, 6 ft. double disc cultivator. M. A. Ross, McCoy Ave. Ph 28-F-21 Campbell. (pd26 27 28 29)

FOR SALE

OFFICE AT 90 CAMPBELL AVENUE
Must be sold before January First
See Campbell Water Co.

FIELD'S STORE

Thursday, Friday and Saturday, Dec. 27, 28 and 29

Snowdrift, 2 lb. can	47c
Phillips Waffle Flour, per pkg.	11c
Fortuna Fancy Corn, 3 No. 2 cans	49c
Boyden's Honey, 20 oz jar	31c
Albers Instant Tapioca, 8 oz. pkg.	9c
Fontana's Macaroni, Noodles, Spaghetti	8c
Strykers Sand Soap, 2 bars	9c
Fortuna Fancy String Beans No 2 can	21c
Johnsons Floor Wax 1 lb. can	63c
Head Rice, Fancy, 3 lbs.	23c
Brillo Cleanser, 2 pkgs.	15c

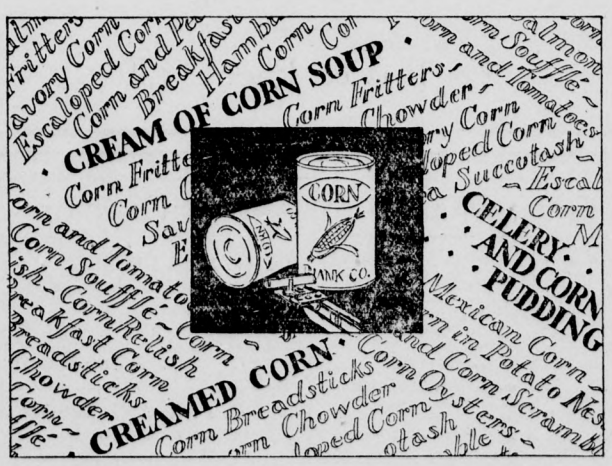
THIS STORE WILL BE CLOSED ALL DAY NEW YEARS

FIELD'S STORE

PHONE 37 Service and Dependability.

Harry C. Smith

Corn For All



"THE Gods sent not corn for the rich man only," stated a famous writer, and certainly when we, today, note how corn is one of the staple foods in our dietary, whether we be rich or poor, we recognize the truth of the statement.

One reason for corn's popularity doubtless is its delicious flavor when canned, and its consequent availability the year around at a stable quality and price.

Canned corn may be used in many ways in cooking — in soup, as a vegetable dish and in many combinations. Here are some tasty recipes which illustrate this versatility:

Cream of Corn Soup: Run half an onion and the contents of a number two can of corn through the meat grinder. Make a white sauce of one tablespoon butter, one tablespoon onion, one-half teaspoon salt, one-fourth teaspoon pepper, a sprinkle of paprika, one cup milk and one-half cup water. When smooth and thick, add the corn. Then simmer five minutes and serve.

Easy to Make

Creamed Corn and Celery: Boil one cup sliced celery in a minimum of water until tender. Remove celery. Make a sauce of one tablespoon butter, one tablespoon flour and one-half cup of the celery stock. When boiling, add to it celery, contents of a small can of corn and salt and pepper to taste. If too thick, add a little more celery stock.

Corn Pudding: Chop contents of a number 2 can of corn fine and add one cup milk, one teaspoon sugar, one egg, one tablespoon melted butter, two tablespoons chopped pimiento, and salt and pepper to taste. Pour into a buttered baking dish and bake half an hour in a moderate oven. Serve in baking dish, decorating the top with strips of pimiento.

Shoes

For dependable footwear and shoe repairing we use quality materials and do quality work.

E. E. Sower

More people ride on GOODYEAR TIRES *than on any other kind*

Start the New Year *Right*

on a set of GOODYEAR Tires. Your decision to ride on GOODYEARS in 1929 will be rewarded with thousands of miles of travel, free of tire worry.

We want to call your attention to our COMPLETE Greasing Service. Thoroughness is our motto.

HALIWELL & JONES

Opposite Schools Campbell, Calif.

Gorilla Fussy About His Sleeping Place

The main apparent preoccupation of the male gorilla is fighting for the continued possession of his wives. As the family party moves along through the forest, rarely sleeping twice in the same spot, there is every night the business of making beds. For the gorilla has at least this in common with his human cousins, that he likes and demands a comfortable sleeping place and, what is more, he prefers to make his sleeping arrangements well before darkness falls.

For this purpose paterfamilias bends down saplings and covers them with leafy branches, while the members of his harem, who are sent up neighboring trees, make each her own bed in a suitable fork by breaking off branches within her reach. Their beds are never very high up—never too high for the old man to be able to keep his eye upon them. You may find chimpanzees nesting in the treetops, but never gorillas.

Once I had a chance of studying this proceeding. I made my camp close to two parties of gorillas. My own bed was made in five minutes, but the gorillas took twenty minutes to finish theirs to their liking, and probably were more comfortable than I. They are certainly very fastidious in this matter. Even when they remain in the same spot for a few days they make fresh beds every night, sometimes even in the same trees as the night before, but in other forks.—Dr. N. A. Dyce Sharp in the Continental Edition of the London Daily Mail.

"Lost Chord" Dear to Heart of Composer

Arthur Sullivan sketched out the complete setting of "The Lost Chord" while he sat by the deathbed of his brother, Frederic. It was his last composition for many months. The song, when published, swept the world, and the inevitable penalty of popularity followed—it was parodied, to Sullivan's disgust. He wrote to the parodist:

"I wrote 'The Lost Chord' in sorrow at my brother Fred's death. Don't burlesque it."

Sullivan gave one of his manuscript copies of "The Lost Chord"—those scribbled notes that had come from the depth of his suffering—to his lifelong friend, Mrs. Ronalds, a famous American hostess living in London. She was a very gifted amateur singer and Sullivan openly said that she alone brought tears to his eyes with his own notes. Mrs. Ronalds' rendition of "The Lost Chord" was famous. King Edward—then prince of Wales—once remarked that he would travel the length of his future kingdom to hear Mrs. Ronalds sing "The Lost Chord."

When she passed on the manuscript was, by her instructions, buried with her.—Kansas City Star.

Types of Women

There are four types of women Charlie. There are the unfortunates who have been granted no attractions, physical or otherwise. They have heaps of friends of their own sex and kind, they live in women's clubs or institutions, and find an outlet for their emotions in religion and the love affairs of other people. Then there is the latest model, the aggressive variety, elbowing men out of the way; there is something rather attractive about them, but they know it too well. Then your feline women, the mischief makers, often most attractive. Then the bovine variety, which makes for peace in the home and a comfortable sluggishness in the heart of man. Worthy women.—Lesley Storm in "Lady, What of Life?"

Remove Wet Garments

All of us at some time or other get caught in a rainstorm, fall into water, get our feet wet in rainy weather, etc. These occasional "soakings" are harmless, if the right thing is done afterward. Dr. R. S. Copeland says getting wet does no more harm than taking a bath, if you do not stay in the wet garments. This, he points out, is particularly true of wet shoes His advice is: Don't stay in wet garments. Get out of them into dry clothing. If you feel chilled after exposure, it is important to restore the circulation. The best way to do that is to take a good hot bath and go to bed —Pathfinder Magazine.

The Lesson

If youth, with all its progressiveness and buoyancy, could only learn one great lesson that comes with advancing years, so much disillusionment and unhappiness would be prevented. If youth could only learn, while it is still youth, that there are certain fundamental things which it cannot do and "get away with," certain things that must be done and must not be done, certain things that are not only conventional but essential, half the tears of boyhood and girlhood would never flow.—Grove Patterson, in the Mobile Register.

Flag for Army Dead

Until recently the American colors were draped about a soldier's coffin regardless of his rank, yet only an officer of the rank of major or higher was entitled to have his cortege preceded by the regimental and national flags. The regulations now prescribe that at all military funerals, without distinction of rank, the colors, when available, shall be displayed and be carried with the escort.

Dick Mills is having a round with the flu at his home on South Fourth street.

The A. B. Townsend family was entertained at dinner Christmas by Mr. and Mrs. R. Y. Maxon.

Guy Shepard entertained at Christmas dinner a number of young fellows-about-town.

Miss Dorothy Collins, teacher at Kelseyville, is spending the vacation at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Collins of McCoy avenue.

Miss Patricia Smith, student at U. C. and teacher of music in the Bay Cities, is vacationing at her parental home on Dry Creek road.

P. B. Payne met with an unusual accident last week when he cut his face with a pruning saw. Three stitches were required to close the wound.

Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Hummel and son John joined with the family of Mrs. Hummel's sister in San Jose for Christmas festivities.

Mrs. Jack Scott celebrated the Yuletide in a hospital where she was taken several days ago with a broken ankle. Overcome with an attack of flu, she fainted and upon regaining consciousness found herself with a broken ankle.

Mr. and Mrs. George Ray came over from Bethany to spend Christmas with Mrs. Ray's mother, Mrs. Hattie Dunham and help take care of the temporarily motherless Scott children.

Miss Elizabeth Turner is home from Fresno for the midyear vacation.

Mr. and Mrs. Merlin J. Bohnett and Elwood Baugh voyaged to Aromas to eat Christmas dinner with the Amos Bohnett family.

Knowledge of History Duty of Citizenship

There never was a time when the average man needed to know more about the continuity and tradition of his race than in this age, when he is beset on all sides by agitators who seek to trample under foot anything that custom has hallowed or experience taught us to be true. Bacon advocated the reading of history as making men wise, and it is to be hoped that this revival of interest in our country's story is being undertaken in the spirit that ought to underlie all our reading, not that of blind acceptance, or that of contradiction, but with an open, alert mind, so that we may weigh and consider well before lending our support to or withholding it from any proposed political reform. The reading of history is the first duty of citizenship.—Exchange.

Lost Art of Individuality

Nobody wants to be individual all alone these days. Alike as rabbits, we are. Running with the pack. One bobs, and millions seek the shears. One skirt slips up to the knees and all the other skirts spring up into place as at a given signal. One woman decides not to bother with all that bleaching her summer tan, and deep ochre powder becomes the rage. Men echo each other in opinions—they've always echoed each other in clothes—women repeat one another in faces. In the type of head (no large heads any more, heads must be small no matter what Nature has done to you), in clothes, and in conduct. We're as standardized as Fords. Even artists look like business men—and yet they don't feel or think like business men. And young girls look and act like women of thirty. And women of fifty can't tell themselves from their daughters.—Delineator.

Pooh!

Marie was very enthusiastic regarding the new minister, and young Willoughby was inclined to be jealous.

"Oh, he is superbly eloquent!" cried Marie. "He can move his hearers to tears."

"That's a poor accomplishment," said Willoughby, sarcastically. "I would scorn proficiency in an art in which every sneeze is my equal and every peeled onion my superior."

Congregational Church
Rev. J. H. Bennett, Pastor

Next Sunday, special "old year" sermons by the pastor. At 11 a. m.—Subject, "Whom Having Not Seen Ye Love." Children's talk, "The Story of William Penn."

At 6:30 p. m.—Young people's groups—Subject, "Justice Towards Others."

At 7:30 p. m.—Concluding service for 1928. Subject, "A Full Life."

Next Wednesday, Jan. 2, annual church family night. Banquet supper at 6:30 p. m. in charge of Mrs. Theo Cutting and Mrs. George Burrows.

Methodist Church
W. C. Robins, Pastor

Sunday school opens at 9:45. Parents are urged to come with their children and remain with them for church services.

Sermon by pastor at 11 a. m. and at 7:30 p. m.

Friday, Dec. 28, officers and teachers of the Sunday school will meet at the parsonage to elect officers and to plan the work for the coming year. All teachers and officers of the school are expected to be present.

Wednesday, Jan. 2, evening prayer meeting and first official board meeting for 1929.

Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Hancock and children of Santa Cruz spent the holiday with Mrs. Hancock's parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Carney, and family.

F. Mathis of Marysville is visiting at the home of his son Raymond on North First street.

Mr. and Mrs. George Ray of Tracy were recent guests at the D. A. McQueen home.

E. E. Sower spent Christmas with Mr. and Mrs. Ziegler in Los Angeles.

Miss Margaret Blaine of the Art school at Oakland, together with her sister, Miss Laura Blaine, Gilroy teacher, is home for the holidays.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of EUGENE E GOODRICH, also known as EUGENE EDWARDS GOODRICH, also known as E. E. GOODRICH, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator, with the will annexed, of the estate of Eugene E. Goodrich, also known as Eugene Edwards Goodrich, also known as E. E. Goodrich, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them, with the necessary vouchers, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court in and for Santa Clara County, California, within four (4) months after the first publication of this Notice, or within said period to exhibit the same, with the necessary vouchers, to the said Administrator, with the will annexed, at the office of Bohnett, Hill & Campbell, Room 807 First National Bank Building, in the City of San Jose, County of Santa Clara, State of California, where all business connected with the said estate will be transacted.

San Jose, Calif., this 14th day of December, A. D. 1928.

LEE O. GOODRICH,
Administrator, with the Will annexed, of EUGENE E. GOODRICH, ETC., Deceased.
BOHNETT, HILL & CAMPBELL,
Attorneys for said Administrator, with the Will annexed. (1st pub. 12-20-28) (12|20-27, 1|3-10-17)

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of HORACE S. FOOTE, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned executrix of the last will and testament of Horace S. Foote, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Cour in and for Santa Clara County, California, within four months after the first publication of this notice, or within the necessary vouchers, to the said executrix, Lucia Whitney, at her place of business for the purpose of said estate, to-wit, the law office of C. C. Coolidge, Rooms 817-818 Bank of Italy Building, in the City of San Jose, County of Santa Clara, State of California.

San Jose, Cal., this 27th day of November, A. D. 1928.

Lucia Whitney,
Executrix of said last will and testament
C. C. Coolidge,
Attorney for said executrix.
First Publication 12-6-28 (23-4-5-6-7)

NOTICE OF ANNUAL MEETING OF STOCKHOLDERS OF THE CAMPBELL BUILDING AND INVESTMENT COMPANY

Notice is hereby given that the regular Annual Meeting of the Stockholders of the Campbell Building and Investment Co. will be held at the office of the Campbell Branch, American Trust Co., on Wednesday, the 9th day of January, 1929, at 2:30 o'clock p. m., for the purpose of electing a Board of Directors for the coming year, and for the transaction of such other business as may properly come before said meeting.

G. S. Robson,
Secretary of Campbell Building and Investment Company.
Campbell, Dec. 22, 1928. (26-27)

NOTICE!

For prompt publication in The Campbell Press all copy, including ad copy, must be in this office not later than Wednesday at 6 o'clock p. m.

CAMPBELL
INTERURBAN PRESS
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HARRY C. SMITH

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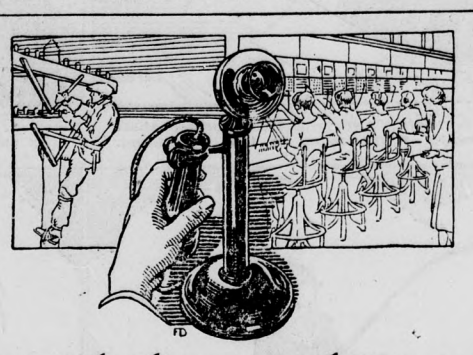

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Do you wish a telephone installed? Or do you wish an extension to your present telephone? Or any other form of telephone installation?

Give your order to *any* telephone employee.

Any operator, lineman, installer, clerk or other telephone employee is qualified to take your order and eager to co-operate in giving you service:

Or just call "Business Office".

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All Work Guaranteed

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To our patrons and many friends

WATKINS

CLEANING — DYEING — PRESSING
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IOOF Bldg., Cor. First St. and Campbell Avenue, Phone 77

extend greetings for the New Year.

ATWATER KENT RADIO
MODEL 40

THE New 1929 A. C. SET

The most satisfactory radio results will be secured in 1929 by those people who have selected the Atwater-Ken receiver as their medium. To this already great number will be added many more who will shortly possess one of these sets. Are you going to be one of them? Better radios have not yet been built, and yet they are so reasonable. Model No. 40, a very popular set, may be had for a down payment of only $24.60, the balance at convenient terms. Let us demonstrate this or any other set inyour home.

Radio sales and service, Miller tires, gasoline and oils, greasing and automobile repair work of the highest grade. Skilled workmen on all jobs.

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PHONE CAMPBELL 66

Fraternal and Professional Directory

Masonic Notice
Charity Lodge, No. 362, F. & A. M., Campbell, Cal. Stated meetings held on the first Monday of each month.
D. H. CRAMER, W. M.
T. A. Robinson, Secretary.

Independent Order of Odd Fellows
Morning Light Lodge, No. 4, meets every Thursday evening in Odd Fellows Hall. Sojourning members are cordially invited to attend the lodge meetings
A. E. Brydon, Noble Grand.
Ralph Gardner, Secretary.

ORCHARD CITY GRANGE
meets Second and Fourth Tuesday Evenings at I. O. O. F. Hall.
Harry Barnes, Worthy Master.
Edna F. Keesling, Worthy Secretary

Brotherhood of American Yeomen
Orchard City Homestead No. 526 meets 1st & 3rd Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall at Campbell. All Yeomen are cordially invited to attend meetings
Edward O. Evans, Honorable Foreman — T. A. Robinson, Correspondent

DR. C. E. FARMAN
Dentist
Hours 9 a. m. to 4 p. m.
Curry Bldg. Campbell, Calif

DR. W. I. MERRILL
Physician and Surgeon
Office Hours
10 to 12 and 1 to 5
Holidays and Sundays 12-
Office and Residen Phone Campbell 122

DR. F. R. ANDERSON
Physician and Surgeon
OFFICE—Curry Building
Office Hours—10-12 a.m. 1-5 p. m.
PHONE 165
Campbell, Calif.

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313-314 Bank of San Jose Building.
Phone 668 Notary Publ

T. L. Blanchard, M. D.
Bank of San Jose Bld'g.
Hours, 11 to 12, 2 to 5.
Office Phone, San Jose 202.
Res. Phone, San Jose 166

DR. ERNEST A. ABBOTT
Dentist
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Phone San Jose 2447 San Jose, Cal